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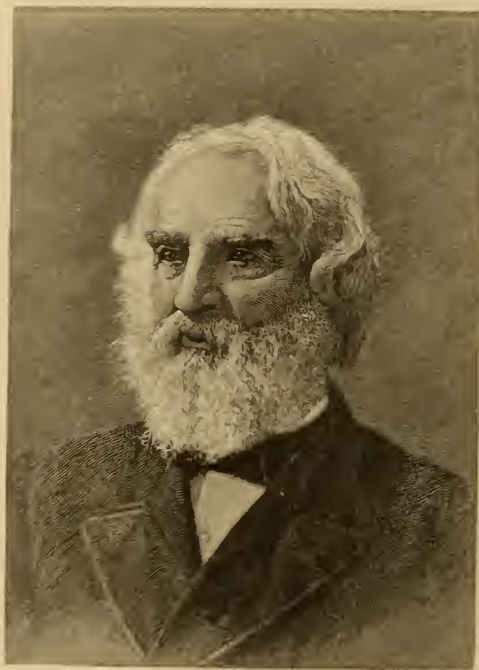










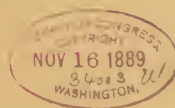




# LONGFELLOW GEMS

ILLUSTRATED BY

W. GOODRICH BEAL



BOSTON  
SAMUEL E. CASSINO  
196 SUMMER STREET

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SAMUEL E. CASSINO

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C. J. PETERS & SON,  
TYPOGRAPHERS AND ELECTROTYPERS,  
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TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

*River ! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright and  
free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea !*

*Four long years of mingled feeling  
Half in rest, and half in strife,  
I have seen thy waters stealing  
Onward, like the stream of life.*

*Thou has taught me, Silent River !  
Many a lesson, deep and long ;  
Thou hast been a generous giver ;  
I can give thee but a song.*

*Oft in sadness and in illness  
I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me, like a tide.*









THE RAINY DAY.

*The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.*

*My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.*

*Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.*











SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

*I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,  
And woods were brightened, and soft gales  
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.  
The clouds were far beneath me ; — bathed in light,  
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,  
And, in their fading-glory, shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,  
And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.*









*WOODS IN WINTER.*

*When winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That over-brows the lonely vale.*

*Alas! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day.*

*O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.*

*But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;  
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.*











BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

On sunny slope and beechen  
swell,  
The shadowed light of evening fell ;  
And, where the maple's leaf was  
brown,  
With soft and silent lapse came  
down  
The glory, that the wood receives,  
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light  
Rose the blue bills. One cloud of  
white,  
Around a far uplifted cone,

In the warm blush of evening shone ;  
An image of the silver lakes,  
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was  
heard  
Where the soft breath of evening  
stirred  
The tall, gray forest ; and a band  
Of stern in heart, and strong in  
hand,  
Came winding down beside the  
wave,  
To lay the red chief in his grave.









### EXCELSIOR.

*The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and  
ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!*

*In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and  
bright;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!*

*His brow was sad; his eye beneath,  
Flashed like a faulted from its  
sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!*

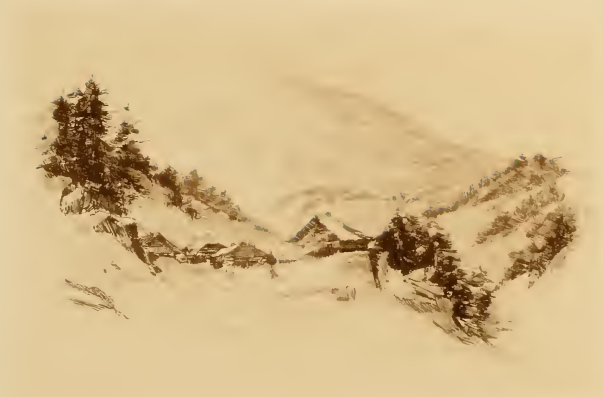
*"Try not the pass!" the old man said;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and  
wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!*

*There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!*





















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